SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Contributions.

Written For the Saturday Evening Post.

Early Days.

The happy scenes of early days,
How sweet they rise to view,
And bid the cursing mind go back
To grace a cherished few.
How oft we think of by gone hours—
The haunt of infant years—
The place where dwelt our little joys,
Or flowed our childish tears.

How bright our hopes and prospects then—
Our plans far stretch'd to time
The many pleasures we would view,
Where age had painted its prime!
What scenes in mind we acted o'er,
In childhood's days to come!
What pulses of mirth we knew anew,
On passing pleasures home!

How fair the path in life appeared,
As others onward went!
How little then we thought of age
Or those his power had bent!
Each hour we longed—and thy was flesh—
No sturdy cares we knew—
As sixth and light, as Eden's bird,
Youth's happy moments flew.

Those days of hope and trust have passed—
Those joys we know no more;
Save when in memory we recall
As friends we knew before.
Those scenes we've found from present scenes
Far back through childhood's ways,
And tasted again the sweets of life,
We knew on early days.

MARK.

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Don Fernando Gonsales.

A Tale of the Spanish Inquisition.

During the reign of Philip the Second of Spain, Inquisition enjoyed the height of power, and its influence was felt in the most remote districts of the kingdom: more especially in Madrid.—During this period, there lived in the Metropolis, aged and much respected man, Don Alfonzo Gonsales, one of the chief members of this secret tribunal, who was much esteemed and honored, for his wealth and nobility, for his family was one of the most eminent in Spain, whilst his rank and connexion with the Inquisition remained a secret. He had a son, young Fernando Gonsales, one of the most accomplished young men in the whole kingdom: more especially in Madrid.—Added to this period, there lived in the Metropolis, aged and much respected man, Don Alfonzo Gonsales, one of the chief members of this secret tribunal, who was much esteemed and honored, for his wealth and nobility, for his family was one of the most eminent in Spain, whilst his rank and connexion with the Inquisition remained a secret. He had a son, young Fernando Gonsales, one of the most accomplished young men in the whole kingdom: more especially in Madrid.—

Among the beauties of the fairest city of Madrid, there was one of surpassing charms, Donna Louise Beaurdes. Young, fascinating and of high birth, adorned by nature with every quality to make a woman seem lovely, and to be sought by all. She had been sought in marriage, by the proudest nobles of the land, and had, to the surprise of every one, rejected every offer. At last her most intimate friends began almost to think, that she intended to lead a life of celibacy, and become the inmate of a convent, but her did not know her. Many suitors had been sent to her wealth, many from a desire to make her the bride of society, for she was the high est woman sought after there, and many again, who did not receive a reciprocation of their attentions, from love. Although of a romantic disposition, perceive these characteristics, Violante herself did. She treated all accordingly. At last Don Fernando Gonsales, the handsome man. The interview was decisive to fate of both. Don Fernando saw in her the realization of his dreams, the enchanting of all that he had ideal, his fancy had painted her as, her mighty visions, and his day wanderings.—He was to him the high toned, chivalrous, and the cavalier of the young and romantic. She was to him a heroine, and the mutual glance—one of mutual, yet doubted confessions. He found encouragement in the smile of virtuous reserve, and each interview confirmed in each her attachment which their first meeting gave rise to.—Violante became thoughtful, Fernando restless of his associates and his amusements his did not escape the attention of their parents. Although they knew not the cause of this sudden change in their respective children.

The war raged at this time against the Protestants of Netherland, by the Catholics of Spain, under it necessary to send reinforcements to the Spanish army. William, Prince of Orange, had been victorious in many battles, and gave daily sense of success by his arms. He continued at all events, and at every cost, to suit the insurgence of his Netherland Provinces, served the royal family, and to be foremost in the low countries, in place of the Duchess of Parma, and commanded him to repair at once to the seat of action, at the request of the general Fernando, had been lately created an officer of high rank, and was among the troops destined to march against the enemy. The fatal hour was rapidly approaching. To leave the object of his attachment, his admiration, his love, the being in every feeling, every thought, had become fixed, without knowing whether his passion was returned, seemed worse than death. He sought her father, told him of his love, and asked his consent. In case his suit should be rejected. The moment he sought for was denied, and he close with a lighter heart, and more joyful countenance, than he left.

Apparelled in his most costly attire; encouraged with the insignia of his new promotion in his array, and flushed with the courage of love to indicate his rank, he sought the mansion of Violante. She watched him as he approached the palace from her veranda, unseen. She was gallantly he governed his fiery steed, and could not but admire his noble and high bred bearing when compared with the other young cavaliers of the day. He stopped at the entrance of her palace, and casting an anxious look at the balcony, where he had thought to be the one to bring to her appointed hour, he perceived a stranger in his charger to a servant. He was admitted by the richly carved, and tastefully ornamented doors of the Beaurdes palace. He looked for Violante face of its fair owner, but in vain. His heart sank again its prison house, till its palpitations almost shook his armour. "She is not here," thought the young Knight, "I am seek Violante's grave, and end an existence that will no longer endure a burden." He stood with his thoughts from his undecided fate, and became more and more anxious and excited as he reflected upon his journey.

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Foreign News.

Arrival of the Great Western—Twenty Days later from Europe.

By the arrival of the Great Western, from Bristol, which place she left on the 6th, we have full files of papers up to the day of her departure.—We have only room to present our readers with those items of news which appear to be of the greatest interest and importance.

The Great Western has a large number of passengers, among whom are several Americans, with their families. The English news, is not very important.

Parliament had been doing nothing of great interest for several days.

The Money Market, continues easy and improving. The Bank of England has made its quarterly returns, which show a steady increase of specie in her vaults.

We regret that the cotton market does not improve, but has met with a further slight decline.

The Epsom races appear to engross the attention of all classes, as the Queen and Prince Albert attended them on the Derby Day. The most splendid preparations were made for their accomodation.

A great meeting was held at Exeter Hall on the 1st inst. for the extinction of the Foreign Slave Trade and the civilization of Africa. Prince Albert took the chair, and made a short and appropriate speech. Nearly 3000 men were present.

The Queen's birth day was celebrated on the 25th ult. with great splendor. The public buildings in London were illuminated with gas in the evening, and the effect is represented as being magnificent beyond description. The Queen held a drawing room at St. James' Palace. She is now in her 31st year.

The Queen and Prince Albert are very popular—they ride out nearly every day in the Parks, and attend the theatres and other places of amusement frequently.

Her Majesty, through Lord Ashburn, Chief Commissioner to the General Assembly of Scotland, has presented the munificent royal donation of £2000 for the propagation of the gospel in the Highlands.

There is an attempt to open the National Gallery and British Museum upon the Sabbath, for the accomodation of those persons who cannot visit those places during the week days.

Courtmiller, the valet, and supposed murderer of Lord William Russell, has had his final examination, and is committed to Newgate to await his trial.

There appears to be considerable excitement about the treatment of Feargus O'Connor, who was imprisoned in York Castle for a political offence. He has been placed with felons, and has not fared much better. There is a petition before parliament for his removal, presented by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd.

The crops appear to be doing remarkably well throughout England, but trade is generally so bad as it can be.

York Minister, a venerable and magnificent building at York, was destroyed by fire on the 31st ult. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The loss, it is supposed, cannot be repaired for less than £100,000.

Portugal.

Opening of the Portuguese Cortes.—On the 25th ult. "Her Most Faithful Majesty the Queen of Portugal, opened, in person, the New Sessions of the Cortes. The Queen was well received by the people, going to and returning from the Hall of the Cortes; albeit the crowd was not so great as on former occasions. The various points therefore upon us in the course of this time, the numerical facts being already known by the events resulting from them.

Death of the King of Prussia.—The Postscript of our Paris letter, dated Saturday evening, announces the arrival of a telegraphic despatch in the afternoon of that day, with the intelligence of the demise of His Majesty, Frederick William, King of Prussia.

Our correspondent does not give the date of his Majesty's decease, but the fact is official.

It appears farther from our letter, that, feeling the approach of death, the King desired to see his army defile before him for the last time. His bed was accordingly carried to a window, whence by reflection in a mirror, he was enabled to take a last adieu of his army.

Immediately after the ceremony, the King placed the regal power in the hands of his son, and the day following rendered last night.

His majesty was born August 3, 1770, and consequently was in his 70th year. He married in 1793, Louisa, Princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, who died broken hearted, on the invasion of Prussia by the French, in 1810. He succeeded his father Frederick William II. on November 16, 1797, and is succeeded by his eldest son, the Crown Prince, under the title of Frederick William IV. now in the 45th year of his age.

Spain.

Perpignan, May 22.—A sanguinary action has taken place in the environs of Ripoll, between the troops of the Queen, commanded by General Cabo, and those of the Carlist chief Scarfile, in which the constitutional troops are said to have had the advantage.

The band which infested the environs of Olot, has fallen back on Berga, doubtless in consequence of the defeat of Scarfile.

Figueras, May 21.—Official advices from Berga among the Carlists of Catalonia. Anarchy is complete in Gurga. An emeute took place there recently, and destroyed the documents from the Carlist bands. Detachments of from 300 to 400 men each, have successfully entered and proceeded to their homes. Of these men who had thus abandoned the insurgents were met on the 20th near Castellbisal. It was reported that their Commander-in-Chief, General Segura, had left Berga, and sought refuge at Andorra. The death of Llarch de Coposta is confirmed.

It was reported at Madrid that the siege of Morella was abandoned for the season.

General Lopez on the 18th, but such was the dreadful state of the weather, that he was compelled to encamp midway between the Hermitage of San Marino and la Palma. So intense was the cold in the mountains that men and horses have perished.

The Madrid papers received are of the 25th ult. On the 24th Espartero commenced the siege of Morella, by surrounding the fort of San Pedro Martyr, one of four strong outworks thrown up by Cabrera a few months ago. The result was not known.

France.

Ecutement to Farm.—The Paris papers of Wednesday are, to the exclusion of other matter, occupied with the funeral ceremonies of Napoleon on the preceding day on the report of the bill for the removal of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon from the Invalides to Paris. It will be recollected that the committee on the bill had recommended that a sum of 2,000,000 francs (£80,000 1) be granted to defray the expenses of the voyage and interment, and that an equestrian statue of Napoleon be erected in Paris. After an angry (and our private letters state disgracefully disorderly) debate, an amendment to reduce the required sum to 1,000,000, and to reject the proposition for raising an equestrian statue of Napoleon was carried. The debate was carried on far before on, "was the result of a cabal got up against M. Thiers. It succeeded, but will eventually have more rather than nothing in unison."

The telegraphic despatches from Marshal Valee, dated Medeah, 13th, Belida 23d, and Algiers, the 24th inst. state that the French army entered Medeah on the 17th ult. without opposition from Abd-el-Kader, who retired without firing a shot, carrying off with him the population of the town, after leaving in it a garrison of 5400 men. The marshal on the 20th ult. departed for Algiers, but on that day, on arriving at the foot of the Mouzaia, he encountered the enemy, who gave him battle. The Arabs eventually had dismounted and fought in line; they were, however, compelled to retire with great loss; that of the French army was only 300 men. The Duke of Orleans and Aumales arrived at Marseilles on the 30th ult. from Algiers.

The Moniteur publishes the continuation of the Marshal Valee's despatch of the 23d ult. from Blidah, interrupted by night-fall, which merely states that the marshal left the troops in the camp of Mouzaia, where a large magazine of provisions was collected. In the same official columns we find another despatch from the Maritime Prefect of Toulon, dated the 25th inst. announcing the result of another engagement:—"On the 14th another engagement bounteous near troops took place at Oran."

Marshal Valee is to return in a few days to Medeah, and then march upon Milliana. The French government has resolved on not again abandoning the possession of either Medeah or Milliana.

The Chamber of Peers adopted, without discussion, the project of a law for reserving the remains of the Emperor Napoleon to France.

Paris, June 1.—We have received the following letter from Algiers:

"On the 20th the army commenced its return to Algiers, escorting the Marshal and the Princes. It had scarcely proceeded a league, when the Arabs began to harass the rear; but the most serious affair was at the camp of the Oliver, where our troops had threatened to make a halt. Suddenly a strong column of the enemy was seen gradually to show itself on an eminence which commanded the road. An attempt was made to avoid it, but it suddenly fell on the 17th Regiment of Light Infantry, which formed the rear guard. This regiment behaved well, but could not long keep in check about 3000 cavalry and infantry, and it asked for reinforcements. Meantime it kept up a well supported fire against the enemy, who fought with incredible fury."

The Arab horsemen had dismounted and attacked one company with their sabres; happily the Zouaves came to their relief. One cavalry of the regiment of Hussars also dismounted and acted as sharp shooters. The combat was long and obstinate, and the infantry had to fire a square, which stood firm to the last moment, experienced severe loss. On this memorable day, our soldiers once each 100 cartridges. We had about 100 killed and 200 wounded. We were obliged to abandon some of the wounded. On the following day the army was at Aldish, and the next day at Algiers.

Belgium.

We have the following letter from Toulon of the 30th May:—"The Baker, the Victorieuse, commanded by Lieut. Lyon, has just put to sea to-day on a secret mission. It is believed that this vessel is going to cruise on the coast of Italy, where matters appear to take a serious turn. It is asserted that that power claims a considerable sum, on account of a loan of a very old date, and it appears that Charles Albert is not much inclined to comply with the demand. At the same time, we learn that the diplomatic negotiation relative to the difference between England and Naples have not advanced a step. War is more to be feared than ever.

A private letter from Leghorn, dated the 21st of May, announces that the great fermentation continues to prevail in all the towns on the sea coast.

London Footmen for Paris.

The newest materials at this moment for dresses are the *mousseline pravie*, engraved in small patterns on grey, white and black *barege* grounds. Lilac is a color much in favor, and predominates both in dresses, bonnets and scarfs. Bright sleeves may be considered among the changes this season, though they encounter some opposition, and are only suitable to think materials; they are sometimes *a l'Amadis* with two seams, or in form with a single seam, taking the form of the arm, having some plaits at the arm's eye. They are quite plain with jockeys. Carriage will evidently be the order of the day this season, a row of buttons placed en V on two sides of the seams, the skirts open en redingote buttoning down the front, or ornamented with gimp trimmings, in Grecian or Arabic patterns, needs, tassels, &c. these are for dresses of stout materials. For parts of dresses for negligee are trimmed with two or three bills. Neatness crosses are making in Paris embroidered *a la Polonaise* with silk or braid.—Spencers and canezouse are very fashionable—the latter are worn universally by the young ladies; scarfs, shawls, *beaurnous* of clear muslin are lined with blue, pink, or pelle silk, and trimmed with the same. Fancy Mourning Stuffs—Grey and white *cachemire*, embroidered in colors, with fringe to match.

Small mantles *a Louis XV.* are made of black lace lined in every shade of color, but particularly violet, trimmed with a flat swallow. Scarfs of white *filet* are also worn lined and trimmed with fringe: they are also fashionable of *foulard damagre*, deep blue, myrtle marron of taffetas in all colors, with a pink or blue border.

There is a great variety in bonnets—we have *paille de riz*, leghorns and silks, *capotes* of crape, intermixed with bands of straw, *capotes* of crape with bouillonnes capotes of shaded crape with black veils. Crape is very much used, spots given ornamented with blaze, garnet color velvet shaded, pearl grey with blue. *Lenzi* lace is admirable in every form and style. *Paille* lilac and green are the favorite colors.

Flowers for dress caps are of a more open form than others, and have wreaths of flowers without foulage; some bonnets are composed entirely of field flowers. Lilac in pink grapes, and rose, mixed with wild flowers; *capotes* a cordonnet of crape are very numerous, and some bonnets have appeared in Paris of clear organdy embroidered in colored silks or worsted, in small wreaths, taking the form of the front, the ribbons to match on *bande of organdy.*

Dark ribbons are fashionable for straw bonnets—many have plaid velvet ribbon, in broader ribbons—blue and green are those preferred.

Cards announce the very fashionable in Paris, in *bonnets, bande or seed.*

News from Florida.

The St. Augustine News of the 12th, contains the following

Battle fought—Capture and Escape—In pleasant Seminole Hitbit.

We learn that Col. Riley's command, operating on the Withlacoochee, a few days since surprised an Indian camp, two warriors of which were killed, and man and woman and child made prisoners. The latter made their escape from the fatigue of a sentinel, who, falling asleep, allowed his escape. Pursuit was immediately made by Capt. J. B. Mason, of the Fourth Artillery, and a party of 20 men, who commanded the advantage in the neighborhood a fortnight ago, and surrounded the dwellings at North River, proceeded to the settlement at Manderin, and after reconnoitering about there when their sagine were discovered. A party of gentlemen immediately started in pursuit, and came upon five of the rascals. They took to a canoe upon pond, and as the enemy were about to surround it, the grass was fired, when the following escaped under the smoke. Their trunks were examined in search of the settlement.

A passenger arrived at Charleston from St. Augustine, informs the editor of the Southern Patriot that Gen. Armstrong, speaking in public, had come in contact with a party of Indians and succeeded in killing three warriors and a white man who was with them—also capturing several prisoners.

Brave Assertion to Bail.—Joseph Stark, who was committed on Tuesday afternoon by the Recorder, upon a charge of wilfully and feloniously causing the death of John Robert, was Wednesday morning brought before Judges King, Randall and Jones upon a writ of habeas corpus, and on application of his counsel, D. S. Brown, Esq. and S. Armstrong, Esq. admitted to

Saturday Evening Post.

BOOTH AND PETERSON ET

GEORGE E. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1840.

The Political Arena.

As the political campaign now going on in the United States approaches its close, it necessarily becomes more intense, and the journals of the two parties, belabor each other with a zeal which often, like that of the light of the countenance, outruns discretion. Dignity, sometimes, even truth are lost sight of in the zeal of the combatants, and many circumstances are heard and abused with true Billingsgate coarseness. The antagonists give up all respect for themselves, and at last denominating ge at it tooth and nail. In short there is no logging so biting, no term of reproach so harsh, that the factious prosses of the day are ashamed to use.

This should not be. However much men may differ as to the proper candidate for the Presidency they should ever remember that universal concord is impossible, and that to be successful, we agree they should at least differ with as much courtesy as possible. There is, indeed, no surety of a refined mind, and of that gentlemanly feeling which forms the charm of social life, than the politeness which leads a man honestly to differ with his opponent, and to express to others if they cannot join with him in his belief. It is always a mark of a high, liberal mind. It is a habit which if not possessed originally can best be acquired by constant observation of the world; for we then see that difference exist everywhere, without, however, making men hate each other. This is not unreasonable. The Dane, the Russian, the Spaniard, and even the Mussulman, differing as they do on almost most every question, are still members of the human family, and have hearts that can feel for our misery, or join in our joy; and no one can single among the agreeable traits of character, that of the individual who is free from bigotry, and that every inhabitant is alike a citizen.

We have seen in the current summer sphere of our own country—why is it that our political contests cannot be carried on without this constant and unnecessary recrimination? Why is it that, in discussing factious subjects so many men seem they cease to be men? Will the ends of their party be less advanced by adhering to strict justice in the discussion of their claims? Every argument, learning to discard all personalities? Indeed, have not these men learned that difference, however much to be deprecated, are unavoidable, and that since we cannot prevent, our aim should be to soften them? The courtesies of life, decent respect for ourselves, and that desire we should each possess to be just to all, should prevent us from maligning their characters, attacking them in their domestic circle, or arresting fellowship, which after all may only result upon our selves.

We do not mean to say that TRUTH should be held back in these conflicts, however harsh it may be. No one admires, where the subject calls for it—a trenchant cutting style—more than our selves; but it is not every day that villany is to be exposed, or great principles defended. The petty differences of our factions presses are generally not worth notice, which require great learned dissertations on the one hand, nor violent philippics on the other. Besides, the very use of such terms as gentlemanly and honorable, will form upon the whole a more important subjects. The mind becoming used to terms of reproach, learns to distinguish them, and thus an evil really *crime* no denomination is listened to.

Imposition on Emperors.

We are continually imposed upon by persons forwarding letters, requesting specimen numbers of our paper. In many instances we comply, where it is probable the person writing, has no opportunity of seeing a copy otherwise. But the constant specimens of impositions, of late, have counted lately, came to us the other day from a person at Clinton, New Jersey, in the shape of a letter, fanning us with the request to send a specimen of the Casket. The request was accompanied with the very modest proviso, that if we had not a Casket, a Gift would do, and name numbers. Of course! And if he did not, we presume that he would have had the reading of the book, and the engravings, at the cost of the work to us, with ten cents in addition for the favor of sending it to him. Really, it is hard to say what kind of conciseness some men have.

We each requests, and we do not see how we can forward either the magazine or the newspaper without the money in advance, which is a RULE not to be departed from, we have not seen a single cent of the money. We do not usually notice such applications, and we do it now, that the public may know that in such applications no notice will here. We have a very handsome list of paying subscribers, and are not in the least anxious to swell it with the names of persons of different principles of honesty.

Temperance—Catholics.

One of the most gratifying spectacles we have ever witnessed was the meeting of the members of the Roman Catholic community, on the 4th Thursday evening at St. John's Church, for the purpose of adopting a Temperance pledge. The church was crowded to excess, and the zeal which is an exact copy of that advocated by Father Matthew, in Dublin, stated that copies of it would be sent to the Catholic Priests of every town; for signatures. The exercises were highly interesting. We have rarely attended a meeting at which we were more gratified. The clergy who have led in this matter are entitled to the thanks of every patriot and moralist, whatever be his creed.

Clocks.

We paid a visit the other day, to the extensive Clock warehouse of Messrs. Smith & Brothers, at No 9 North Fifth St. This, however, is but a branch of their establishment, located at 71 Bowery St. New York, where perhaps a greater variety of clocks are manufactured, than at any establishment in the United States. Their assortment is rich and rare, and their prices are unusually low. We recommend them particularly, to dealers and country merchants.

The First District.

C. J. Jack, Esq. has declared himself a candidate for the First Congressional District. From the tone of his announcement we presume he depends on the Whigs for support.

New Publications.

Cousins Ida.—*A Novel by T. S. Fay, Esq.*—8 vols.—*Harper & Brothers.*—The work hah been before us for sometime, but a want of leisure to peruse it, has prevented us from noticing it hitherto.

The reputation acquired by Mr. Fay, as the author of "*Norman Leslie,*" led us to expect something excellent from his pen, and we confess that we have not been disappointed. There is, in every respect, a manifest improvement in this novel over its predecessors. It is not, however, without its faults; and we think glaring ones. In the style, it is true, is unexceptionable, and the plot far superior to that of most novels, but the characters and many of the incidents are open to criticism, and even to censure.

There are two kinds of horses in favor among authors—the Rosinante, and those of the Sir Charles Grandison school. The former had for many years, driven the latter out of the field, and we had supposed they had died with Miss Porter, and the authoress of the Children of the Abbey. But we were mistaken. They are again coming into fashion; and Claude Wyndham is both a Master and Grandison combined.

Claude Wyndham—the hero of the story—is a complete specimen of perfectability, and therefore he is unlike flesh and blood as he well could be. He has one fault, and that is a too high sense of honor him, his hostility to duelling, but the singular in which he opposes that practice, is calculated on the whole to do as much mischief as good, instead of reasoning a blow himself, he permits a friend to interpose and do it for him, thus bringing into open day his friend's family, and casting stain upon the innocent: and while by preaching and practice he upholds his views, he is shuffled backward and forward by his antagonist, into every imaginary situation with a facility which is any thing but natural. The two successive imprisonments of Claude—the whole episode of French manners—the appearance in which the hero is kept of his rights after a dozen others know them—the unnecessary danger to which he is exposed by the introduction of the last, and which has nothing to do with the working out the plot—and the improbability of the secrecy of Carl, when a word would have revealed him in Wyndham's favor, or at least have gained him a competence on his revealing Claude's rights, and other instances, more especially in the second volume, prove that Mr. Fay, become bewildered with the details of the story, and leaves many errors in his work which a more rigid scrutiny ought to have expunged.

The character of Ida is beautiful, but very shadowy. It does not come up before us like a flesh and blood creature, but rather like a mere gracious dream. There is an indistinctness about the whole history of Mrs. Wharton, which strikes us as unnatural. The character of Caroline, and the attempt made by the author to make us first admire, then despise, and finally to soon more sympathize as a pitying but happy, position is a perfect scoundrel. The Digbys are every day specimens. Lavalle is an honest, good-hearted man, and of Claude Wyndham, the martyr to a foolish custom—we just see enough to make us wish we had seen more.

On the whole there is more in the novels of Mr. Fay to remind us of Miss Porter, and the Grandison school, than in the writings of any man, since Scott drew that style out of the field.—There is in the author a proficiency in the delineation about the whole history of Mrs. Wharton, which strikes us as unnatural. The character of Caroline, and the attempt made by the author to make us first admire, then despise, and finally to soon more sympathize as a pitying but happy, position is a perfect scoundrel. The Digbys are every day specimens. Lavalle is an honest, good-hearted man, and of Claude Wyndham, the martyr to a foolish custom—we just see enough to make us wish we had seen more.

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"The Court of England."—*by John Henry Jones.*—8 vols.—*Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—These volumes contain memoirs of the English Court, during the reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate. They abound in pleasing sketches of many distinguished characters, and contain a fund of agreeable and entertaining anecdote, many of which are none the worse for being old stories in a new dress. On the whole, the volumes are quite readable, and will doubtless prove reliable.

The Antediluvians, *by Dr. McHenry.*—We have hereto fore noticed some of the proof sheets of this poem, and have been highly gratified with the perusal. The author is well known as a poet of considerable merit. The work is being published in by every mercial, to be in numbers.

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Merchant or Cartier on the Voyage to Calpeal, by a—*Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—A work which our talented countryman has now in press, and which will shortly be published by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard.

The Quadroon.—A new novel by Professor Ingraham, entitled the "Quadroon" has been published in London. The Harpers will issue an edition in a day or two.

Printing—its True Power.

The following extract from the unanswerable reasoning, cannot be contemplated without bringing up before the mind the vast influence which that all his exercised upon the world. Although a trite subject, it is one whose importance is often overlooked or misunderstood, even by men generally correct in their opinions on the invention of printing ushered in a new dispensation. Coming just before the Reformation, when the human mind was fast throwing off the yoke of Religion, it afforded to the leaders in that mighty revolution, a weapon by which to reach down into the minds of the people, and to enlighten them on the obnoxious of their rights. The Reformation was indeed the real cause of the subsequent revolutions in favor of civil liberty. But printing no doubt did more to effect so in the benefits of that schism in the Church. The Roman Catholic community, at the time of that contest, and the great truth then for the first time promulgated, that *man had an inalienable right to think for himself*, was held in the most abject bondage of ignorance. The mass were like rebellion against the Church, and the few who were inclined to think for themselves, were in rebelling against a lay noble to receive—The transition was speedy from a religious to a civil contest; and the spirit of liberty was the natural consequence of the fierce workings of the spirit of religion.

The reformation taught one great truth which has since been the secret of all mighty revolutions—that the real power of society existed in the masses, and not in the aristocracy. It was the people who had achieved their indignation when once aroused. It was the people who had made kings and queens, and aristocrats, that Luther succeeded in his schism; and it was by appealing to the nobles and the arts of power, and not to the masses, that he failed in his efforts to weight a great lesson which kings are now beginning to practice.

The art of printing has long been regarded as the palladium of liberty. There is not, there cannot be, a despotic country. It is a mere contradiction in nothing more. It works either quiet or avail just as it is directed. In the hands of depressed men it is the great instrument of immortality and conquest—in those of the lovers of their race it is the agent by which to redeem and revolutionize a world. The faculty of speech is the gift of God, but the printing press is the art of printing. Like every thing else it may easily be perverted.

Of all men of the present or past ages, Napoleon Bonaparte, perhaps, was most clearly the availability of the great engine of society. He understood it, and not attempt to banish or even steadily silence the press in his dominions, but he regulated it according to his own purposes, and made it a tool. He did not destroy, but captured the battery, and instead of turning its guns he turned them on his foes. The result is known to the world. It was the press done for liberty; and the agent with which Marat and Robespierre and Danton, and the soulless tool of Napoleon the chief pillar of an arbitrary government. Note the fall of that great conqueror the despots of Europe have taken lessons from him in more than one art, and instead of relying more wholly on their soldiery to maintain their cruelties, they have laid the better portion of turning the guns to their real purposes, and educating the masses in the creed of subjection. From their earliest childhood the children of Prussia are filled with notions of hereditary right, and taught that republicanism is only another name for anarchy. These maxims are introduced even into their catechisms, until obedience and the belief in a God become equally firm in the minds of childhood.

Penny Magazine.—A collection, amounting to $600, was taken up on Sabbath last, in the Union Methodist Church of this city, in behalf of the Church in Nantucket, whose building was demolished in the late tornado. The claim was presented by the Rev. Jos Kennedy.

Defence of Commodore Elliot.

On Saturday morning, at 11 o'clock, the Hon. George M. Dallas, counsel for Commodore Elliot, commenced the defence of his friend's client before the Court Martial. The charges alleged against him were malicious and various, and the evidence brought forward by Mr. Dallas was of the most flattering character, having arrested the unremitted attention of the Court for the last fourteen weeks, in electing and recording the testimony. Commodore Elliot's conduct has been in the estimation of the public, in justice to the accused, would be rendered complete with but little more than a recital, and, as a consequence, that the whole paper would prove vapid and uninteresting to an audience but such was not the case. Considering the ground which the counsel found it necessary to travel over, the address is comparatively short—occupying in the delivery but about three hours and a quarter—and in interest and eloquence invited the closest attention of the vast audience assembled to hear it from its opening to its close. We should suppose that there were at least a thousand people present, and among them, quite a number of ladies.

It is impossible to give any thing like an substance, and we shall not attempt it, further than to state, that he classified the several charges and almost innumerable specifications, under seven separate and distinct heads; into which, he argued, they all centred; viz. Bringing home at the figure of extortion, 19 head of animals; receiving a service of plate from the crew of the public vessel, the ship; cruising in search of pirates; misdispersion Baron, in removing him in a wounded condition from the Constitution to the Boston Navy Yard; using the public vessel for a cruising any effect to suppress a mutiny of the crew at Hampton Roads; using violent and threatening language to Lieutenant Commanding Wilmerding; and excessive punishment upon three seamen; and ordering Chaplain Thomas R. Lambert from the frigate Constitution, to the steamer Fulton. The first charge he said he had stripped the case of the mass of verbiage with which it was surrounded, and had left the bare force of his argumentative appeal. They were taken up, one by one, each first stated in the strong language in which the Judge Advocate had stated them in his accusation, and there held until reason, eloquence and legal ingenuity had blotted them from view.

In reference to the charge of bringing home the animals he argued at considerable length, that the sole object of the cruise was to show the commercial interest of the country, in which he paid a handsome and deserved compliment, and that he had not, as had been so frequently charged, taken the animals home for his own benefit, was attested by numerous and interested witnesses. That he had done no more than Commodore Bayne, Perry and others had done in the days of "the good old times" when he completely fascinated him by his manner and his logic. The delinquent has not yet answered.

Reexamination of Stark.—Another examination of Stark took place on Friday afternoon before the Recorder. Mr. Brown, the counsel for the prisoner, examined, stated that the wound through which the bowels of the deceased, (Baker) protruded, was one inch and a half in length on the left region of the ilium. The wound was opened half an inch at one end, and a little at the other end, and then the intestines were exposed. The wound must have been brought together. Half an hour before the deceased was examined on, he said "he was afraid he was going to kick the bucket." Never was time more to give the last words of the deceased, when Mr Brown objected to particular and what they were. The question was then put by the Recorder—"Do you think the wound could not be received as bolding declarations. H M Phillips, Esq. on the part of the defendant, said "that testimony" for some ruling effect. Proceeding to execute his duty, it happened some time ago, that he got into the same room, and accidently arrested a very respectable young lady. He was told of his mistake of course—but he would not have arrested her if he knew her to be such. *He could not err*—and immediately commenced dragging his unfortunate victim, in despite of her screams and struggles, down stairs and into the street. Mr. Shipman Burton is stationed and not been sustained by the evidence, but that the very reverse had been proved. The words of the deceased were spontaneous that left him in his meeting with Mr Wood was uttered in the face of the positive orders of the Recorder, that nothing should be said to Mr. Wood, and in the face of the case showed conclusively that the deceased was not marked with the greatest care and regard to his sufferings by his self-constituted nurse that he was left as Surgeon, doing well, as his own report, and that in the report of the surgeon of the post supposed ample provision was made for his maintenance and support by the order of the accused, and whom proved inadequate from the non-referral drawing of the letter of credit by the nurse.

The accusation of a mutiny at Hampton Roads, it was contended, had for one of the witnesses a man who had been dismissed from the service, and who appeared to exist, that it was simply a drunken frolic on the part of the crew, promoted, if not participated in, by the officers having charge of the ship, and that on the part of the crew prompted by the feeling that they had been cheated out of their wages at the time of service having some months previously expired. To have deluged the deck of an American man of war with blood, as the charge would have it, was a monstrous and open such an occasion, the accused declared would have subjected him to a removal of command after time never could have been thought of.

Towards Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, the accused commander-in-chief had been guilty of no act of disservice, and to maintain its character in the face of distinguished swingers. To have done less than he had done would have been to have basely betrayed his trust.

The collection of excessive punishment upon seamen in the cases presented to the Court, it was asserted, considering the length of time, was not excessive, and in number, that such excess is by no means unusual in highly important cases. The charge of cruising in search of pirates, and that a court martial would have had the right, and probably would have trebled the punishment, was also denied.

In the case of Chaplain Thomas R. Lambert, the profession of the complainant, and the spirit which had actuated him in the matter, Mr. Dallas said, would have contained an eulogy of the accused. The charges were contained in language of the keenest reproach. The address was a complete confession of the flimsy allegations, and in reviewing the testimony in the case of decency of the witnesses, as well as the conduct of the Secretary of the Navy and the Judge Advocate, were passages of bitter reproof and the most withering sarcasm.

After the conclusion of the defence and the clearing of the Court-room, the Court remained in private session until between five and six o'clock, with the view, we suppose, of agreeing upon their verdict. The result we understand, was not effected, and it adjourned to meet again on Monday morning.

City News.

Startling Developments.—It is said that developments of a nature startling in the extreme, will be made in the course of a few days, relative to the mysterious death of the burnt steamboat of depravity which has for years, not still exists in some portions of Southwark, and particularly in the vicinity of Swanson, Shippen and Fourth and Plumb streets. The names of several individuals of the first respectability in point of wealth, of high fortunes, houses of ill-fame, and other haunts of vice, will be given, every exertion used to bring the guilty to punishment, and the character of the District, who have long been aware of, and marked at the existence of such things, subpœnaed and placed on the stand as witnesses.

Coroner's Inquest.—An inquest was held on Saturday last, on the body of James M'Kenney, aged 18 years, who was found dead in his father's residence on Tuesday. He was carried to the grave yesterday morning, followed by a numerous and respectable body of friends, and attended by the Fire Company to which he belonged.

Coroner's Inquest.—An inquest was held on the body of Mary Ann Bowers, aged 18 months, who came to her death by falling into a tub of water. The verdict was accordingly rendered.

Fire.—The alarm of fire on Thursday night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, was occasioned by the burning of a carpenter's shop, in Schuylkill Eighth street, between Locust and Spruce. Considerable damage was done.

Accident.—On Tuesday morning a young man named Thomas Shepherd, was brought to the hospital, having had one of his hands severely mutilated in a sawing room of a mill in Southwark.

Another.—One of the ferry boats ran down a small boat on Tuesday morning, containing three boys, near Arch street wharf. Two of the boys were pulled into the ferry boat, and the other by some means

Another Case of Juvenile Theives.—In the course of Thursday and Friday morning, police officers Stounds and Little, of the Northern District, succeeded in arresting a gang of five boys from the ages of 11 to 16, named William Grant, Henry Justice, Lewis Dabney, John Hess, and James Lewis, who had been the perpetrators of quite a regular system of thieving, the proceeds of which they were in the habit of disposing of to the almost innumerable receivers of stolen goods who infest Front and Water streets, from Kensington to the Navy Yard. The larceny of the keys and lead pipe, mentioned in the paper of last week, as having been taken from an unoccupied house in Green street, above Front, belonging to Henry Dallinger, Esq., was traced to them. Also, the larceny of a quantity of lead pipe and a brass hydrant plate, which had been taken some time during the last week from a house corner of Coates street and Dettinger's Court, belonging to Mr. Bender. All of the articles were found and recovered, a part at a second hand store in Vine street, above Second, and a part elsewhere.

The three boys first named above, are some of very prepossessing appearance, and were most likely led astray by the two last named, the oldest of the five, both he classified the several charges and almost innumerable specifications, under seven separate and distinct heads; into which, he argued, they all centred; viz. Bringing home at the figure of extortion, 19 head of animals; receiving a service of plate from the crew of the public vessel, the ship; cruising in search of pirates; misdispersion Baron, in removing him in a wounded condition from the Constitution to the Boston Navy Yard; using violent and threatening language to Lieutenant Commanding Wilmerding; and excessive punishment upon three seamen; and ordering Chaplain Thomas R. Lambert from the frigate Constitution, to the steamer Fulton. The first charge he said he had stripped the case of the mass of verbiage with which it was surrounded, and had left the bare force of his argumentative appeal. They were taken up, one by one, each first stated in the strong language in which the Judge Advocate had stated them in his accusation, and there held until reason, eloquence and legal ingenuity had blotted them from view.

In reference to the charge of bringing home the animals he argued at considerable length, that the sole object of the cruise was to show the commercial interest of the country, in which he paid a handsome and deserved compliment, and that he had not, as had been so frequently charged, taken the animals home for his own benefit, was attested by numerous and interested witnesses. That he had done no more than Commodore Bayne, Perry and others had done in the days of "the good old times" when he completely fascinated him by his manner and his logic. The delinquent has not yet answered.

Reexamination of Stark.—Another examination of Stark took place on Friday afternoon before the Recorder. Mr. Brown, the counsel for the prisoner, examined, stated that the wound through which the bowels of the deceased, (Baker) protruded, was one inch and a half in length on the left region of the ilium. The wound was opened half an inch at one end, and a little at the other end, and then the intestines were exposed. The wound must have been brought together. Half an hour before the deceased was examined on, he said "he was afraid he was going to kick the bucket." Never was time more to give the last words of the deceased, when Mr Brown objected to particular and what they were. The question was then put by the Recorder—"Do you think the wound could not be received as bolding declarations. H M Phillips, Esq. on the part of the defendant, said "that testimony" for some ruling effect. Proceeding to execute his duty, it happened some time ago, that he got into the same room, and accidently arrested a very respectable young lady. He was told of his mistake of course—but he would not have arrested her if he knew her to be such. *He could not err*—and immediately commenced dragging his unfortunate victim, in despite of her screams and struggles, down stairs and into the street. Mr. Shipman Burton is stationed and not been sustained by the evidence, but that the very reverse had been proved. The words of the deceased were spontaneous that left him in his meeting with Mr Wood was uttered in the face of the positive orders of the Recorder, that nothing should be said to Mr. Wood, and in the face of the case showed conclusively that the deceased was not marked with the greatest care and regard to his sufferings by his self-constituted nurse that he was left as Surgeon, doing well, as his own report, and that in the report of the surgeon of the post supposed ample provision was made for his maintenance and support by the order of the accused, and whom proved inadequate from the non-referral drawing of the letter of credit by the nurse.

The accusation of a mutiny at Hampton Roads, it was contended, had for one of the witnesses a man who had been dismissed from the service, and who appeared to exist, that it was simply a drunken frolic on the part of the crew, promoted, if not participated in, by the officers having charge of the ship, and that on the part of the crew prompted by the feeling that they had been cheated out of their wages at the time of service having some months previously expired. To have deluged the deck of an American man of war with blood, as the charge would have it, was a monstrous and open such an occasion, the accused declared would have subjected him to a removal of command after time never could have been thought of.

Towards Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, the accused commander-in-chief had been guilty of no act of disservice, and to maintain its character in the face of distinguished swingers. To have done less than he had done would have been to have basely betrayed his trust.

The collection of excessive punishment upon seamen in the cases presented to the Court, it was asserted, considering the length of time, was not excessive, and in number, that such excess is by no means unusual in highly important cases. The charge of cruising in search of pirates, and that a court martial would have had the right, and probably would have trebled the punishment, was also denied.

In the case of Chaplain Thomas R. Lambert, the profession of the complainant, and the spirit which had actuated him in the matter, Mr. Dallas said, would have contained an eulogy of the accused. The charges were contained in language of the keenest reproach. The address was a complete confession of the flimsy allegations, and in reviewing the testimony in the case of decency of the witnesses, as well as the conduct of the Secretary of the Navy and the Judge Advocate, were passages of bitter reproof and the most withering sarcasm.

After the conclusion of the defence and the clearing of the Court-room, the Court remained in private session until between five and six o'clock, with the view, we suppose, of agreeing upon their verdict. The result we understand, was not effected, and it adjourned to meet again on Monday morning.

City News.

Starting Developments.—It is said that developments of a nature startling in the extreme, will be made in the course of a few days, relative to the mysterious death of the burnt steamboat of depravity which has for years, not still exists in some portions of Southwark, and particularly in the vicinity of Swanson, Shippen and Fourth and Plumb streets. The names of several individuals of the first respectability in point of wealth, of high fortunes, houses of ill-fame, and other haunts of vice, will be given, every exertion used to bring the guilty to punishment, and the character of the District, who have long been aware of, and marked at the existence of such things, subpœnaed and placed on the stand as witnesses.

Coroner's Inquest.—An inquest was held on the body of James M'Kenney, aged 18 years, who was found dead in his father's residence on Tuesday. He was carried to the grave yesterday morning, followed by a numerous and respectable body of friends, and attended by the Fire Company to which he belonged.

Coroner's Inquest.—An inquest was held on the body of Mary Ann Bowers, aged 18 months, who came to her death by falling into a tub of water. The verdict was accordingly

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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Inscription to Fondi, from Goethe.

BY WARREN.

Again ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!
Shall shall I issue, as then, your spell that hested me?
Still bend to incense and vapors, as ye seem?
Scarce ye come—I feel me as ye found me.

In youth your worshipper, and as the stream
Of air and thin light on my senses bore me,
Flown from my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes

Lost forms and loved ones ye are with you bringing,
And dearest images of happier days.
First—Love and Friendship in your path ye springing.
Like old Tradition's half remembered lays.
And long dispt sorrows waked, whose dregs take ranging
Breathe my life's strange labyrinthine maze.
And lament the hearts doubt sent, a vain dense
Ere their first summer, ensnounced to the tomb!

They hear not these my last songs, they whom greeting
Gladdened my first—my spring-time friends have gone:
And gone, fast journeying from that place of meeting,
The echoes of their voices—me by one.

Though stranger-crowds my listeners since, are hearing
Time to my sense, their replenishing tone:
More genuine than gleds me, while the tried and true
Greet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing
For the dark spirit-land everywhere me now.
My song floats over misty realm, like the sighing
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough.
And my changed heart throbs warm—as once more drawing
Tremors my eyes, or sadness to my brow.
The near idle of across, the distant nigh.
The now, a dream, the past, reality.

SETTLING IT AFTERWARD.—We know a gentleman, who, travelling in an unfrequented part of Ireland took the precaution to learn, in native Irish, "Which is the way?" We utterly forget, until the answer was given, that it was necessary to understand the reply too. He felt himself constrained to laugh at his blunder, bewildered and lonely as he was; and certainly the inconvenience, so entailed upon him, however, great would not be so lasting as that caused by the blunder of an eccentric clergyman in Lancashire.

"Please, sir," said a poor bewildered Benedict, on a certain busy Whit Monday—"Please, sir, you're marrying me to a wrong woman."

"Never mind," replied the minister, "you can settle that afterward."

INVASIVE COURAGE AND GENEROSITY.—Two bulls, of equal bravery, and which by nature equally matched in size and strength, happening to meet near the front of a laird's house, in the highlands of Scotland, began to fight, to the noise of which soon drew to one of the windows the lady of the mansion. To her infinite terror, she beheld her own cow, a boy between five and six years of age, belaboring with a stiff cudgel the stoutest of the belligerents. "Dogald, Dogald, what are you doing?" exclaimed the affrighted mother. "Helping the little bull," was the gallant young hero's reply.

COURTSHIP.—Nothing exceeds the modesty of the Hawkeye girls. They wait be courted by daylight, nor in the evening unless the candles are extinguished.—*Chicago Democrat.*

And here in the Granite State the girls never pretend to court candles in such business.—Dobby," said a certain old lady, "Debby, don't let me catch you burnin' candles out a-sparkin'; tallow is scarce, and perhaps you mayn't get the schoolmaster *after all!*" Debby faithfully obeyed her ma'am.—*N. H. Argus.*

THE DEWDROPS.—A child, one too wise and good for this orbit, saw on a summer's morning that the dewdrops did not fall quite upon the flowers, for the sugary sun came in its might, and dried them up, and they were seen no more.—"Even a minister was seen in the clouds, and his father told him, "There are the dewdrops over which thou didst grieve, and they now shine in splendor in heaven, and we first can crush them; and remember, my child, if thou vanishest soon from earth, it will be to shine in heaven."

DRUNKEN WIT.—Late one night, that most miserable of all human beings, a drunken man, landed, after spending his last penny in the fish, set out for home. "Well," said he to himself, "if I find my wife up, I'll scold her; what business has she to sit up reading bad lads, eh? and if I find her in bed, I'll scold her: what right has she to go to bed before I get home?"

GIVEN COLOR TO THE IDEA.—A young man, in a large company, dissenting very flippantly on a subject, his knowledge of which was evidently very superficial, the Duchess of Devonshire asked her name. "Searlet," replied a gentleman who stood by. "That may be," said her Grace, "and yet he is not very *deep read.*"

PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS.—I compare the mass of the people to the walls of a building, the shape and polish of which is of little consequence, so long as they are solid and substantial; while the upper classes are the columns that adorn the edifice, which as they support nothing and are only for ornament, must be highly finished and elegant.

LEFT-HANDED FUN.—A prisoner at the bar of the Mayor's Court being called on to plead to an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your right hand," said the clerk. "Please your honor," said the culprit, still keeping his left hand up, "please your honor, I am left-handed.

KNAVE.—A bill being brought into the house of assembly of Jamaica for regulating the wharfage, a distinguished member said, "Mr. Speaker, I very much approve of the bill. The wharfingers are a set of knaves. *I was one myself for two years.*

CONVERSATION.—Conversation is the dangiser of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the business of mankind, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

GOOSEISM.—We should not despair of the goodness of the world, if we do not happen to see it immediately around us. The atmosphere is still blue, though so much of it as is enclosed in our spectacle, is colorless.

GOOD.—"Tom, have ye drie in the goose ?"—"Yes, sir."—"How? By roasting it, was, Tom ?"—"Yes, sir."—"How many is there, Tom ?"—"One!"—"All right, Tom."

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.—The philosopher, when he discovers us, as Jove did Leto, gives us an earthly chest, when soon covered with the fictions of the poet are like stripe of cloud-sky, which shine like the sun.

NARROW BREAD.—What do you do for a living?" asked a baker of a lamb in rags. "I am of the same profession as yourself," answered Peter, "for I need bread."

MARRIAGE.—Marriages enlarge the sense of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a mastiage where both meet, happy.

CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness with your young friends. Be like unto banks in to inhabit a region far above the rain and turmoil and petty vexations which annoy those who live in the middle of some who pretend to cultivation; and you possess the greatest advantages of education to better account, than by inducing your young friends to read with you, and to exchange the freshest gems of the day for one ton: for when the voice of her lover drew back the veil from her own heart, and let her, for the first time see all the deep feelings, the full confidence, the trusting love that was in that heart toward him: when she beheld her fate for the future linked to his, and the long, bright years of futurity rising one behind the other, gilded by the mingled sunshine of love, and hope, and happiness, she felt breathless, as one does when, on climbing a high hill, some beautiful prospect suddenly burst upon us, overpowering in its grandeur and its loveliness.

The Song of the Shell.

Lonely from the ocean—a fairest pearl o'er me,
And crowned with sea weeds, and glittering from,
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon bore me
To where the gay halls of his far distant home!
Encompassed by empirate sapphire and bone!
Still, still, in the deep I am rocking in me,
And the low waves whisper their song to me,
And evermore I am dreaming of the sea.

The sky-lark at morn pours a carol of pleasure,
At eve, the sad nightingale warbles her note,
The lamp of the moon is the sweetest a glad measure,
And beauty's sweet scope on the air lightly float:
But I sigh for the low lull breaking billows that roar!
I long to the cool coral caverns be free,
And where pearl-oysters sleep in the motionless ocean net,
I answer them still in the strains of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever forgetting,
And evermore I am dreaming of the sea.
I have known them the too they once cherished for getting me,
Oft trust to new friendship, and cling to new love,
Oh! it is hard to preserve true devotion—
Let mortals be faithful—I will be faithful to me!
I am bound by mysterious link to the ocean,
And no language is mine but the sounds of the sea.

Ladies' Department.

Advice To Young Ladies.

BY MRS. FARRAR.

The insensibility of girlish friendship has become a by-word in society, in consequence of young persons having neglected the duties of friendship the transient partialities that grow out of accidental circumstances. There are, however, few youthful associations which deserve the name, or which are sufficiently well founded to be worth preserving. Whilst the judgment is ripening, the affections will often be misplaced; the taste, too, which takes place in the characters of girls, in the course of a few years, often destroy all ground of sympathy; and, in this case, it is better to drop the intimacy than to keep up any false professions and appearances. It is better to subject yourself to the charge of inconstancy, than to continue a false intimacy. Be sure with a person whom you have ceased to esteem.

Let not your heart be seduced by the beauty, the blandishments, or the accomplishments of a young companion. Unless her principles are fixed, her mind well stored, and her taste such as an education for eternity, unless you can sympathize with her in your serious moments, and talk with her of your immortal destiny, take her not your bosom friend, give her not your confidence, her counsel will not strengthen your high and holy resolves; and when you most need her sympathy, she will not be there, or she will find yourself to be leaning on a broken reed. None but the upright in heart are capable of being true friends; and none are upright who do not make a conscience of all their ways, and learn wisdom by communion with the Father of spirits. Choose your friends from among those, and you will be saved many disappointments.

So much has been written on the subject of friendship, that it is much idleness for me, as a young girls on the shores of friends, that it is useless to expatiate on it here. If you wish to read some excellent remarks upon it, I would refer you to Mrs. Barbauld's "Essay on Friendship," and, through somewhat out of fashion, Mrs. Chapone's Letters contain much valuable matter, and, with a few allowances for the different states of society in which they were written, may be profitably consulted by young ladies at the present day. Mrs. Sigourney, too, has a letter on friendship, which you will do well to peruse.

My purpose is to exhibit the defective intercourse between inexperienced young girls, who fall into intimacies, which do not deserve the name of friendship, but which consume much time, and expose them to ill-natured observation and misconstruction. "

The tivacity of youthful feelings is such, that it often hurries girls into intimacies, with is soon after prove uncongenial and burdensome. You mistake an accidental agreement for a real sympathy, one agreeable interview for an insight into the whole character: and thus, by judging too hastily, you judge wrong. Far be it from me to be considered as a cynic, or to wish to encourage see a young heart deceived again and again, than see it nourishing suspicion as a habit of the mind; but I would counsel you, my dear girl, not to pledge yourself to any intimacy, until you have taken time to reconsider your first impressions, and to discover whether the charm that really belongs to a new acquaintance, and that which was thrown over your first interview by accidental circumstances and associations.

Supposing now that your acquaintances are well chosen, and your intimate friends are worthy of your confidence; what are the mistakes that you are most likely to commit in this relation?

Inadvertently betraying the secrets of one friend to another is a cruel injury and a fruitful source of difficulty. Do not entrust yourself to a family bound to secrecy, for keeping a secret is a very troublesome and disagreeable thing: but, when you are thus pledged, be scrupulously faithful. Many girls have a silly way of making a secret of something of no consequence whatever, and of telling it to each of their friends separately, and enjoining secrecy on each. What has often been taken in once in this way, it is your own fault if you allow it a second time.

Never encourage your young friends to tell their family secrets: if they are indiscreet enough to wish to do it, you should reprove their unfaithfulness. Never invite them, by your questions, to tell you of the matrimonial overtures which they may have received; respect their secrets, and your friend will respect yours. If you were upon a point of such delicacy, and one in which the feelings of another are so deeply concerned. If you have been privy to any such affair, keep the secret strictly and let no curious nest questionings induce you to reveal it. Make it a rule to have nothing to do with any love affair that is carried on without the knowledge and consent of parents. If you have inadvertently become a confidant of the beginning of any such affair, and will your influence to the utmost of your power to break it off, or to open her mind to her natural protectors; if you connect plenal upon her to do this duty, refuse any further confidence in the affair, and warn her in the most friendly way of her danger. In some cases, you would do right to inform her friends yourself of such an unbecoming affair, having previously given her notice that you intend to do it.

There is generally something wrong where there is much secrecy in the affairs of the young. If your aims are high, and your life is one of useful and honorable activity, if you love mental cultivation, and live much in the society of the great spirits of all ages, you will be lifted above the petty interests of gossiping girls; you will not like to see them; you will not find time for them, for her new bonnet; nor that Mr. A——thinks Miss B——looked something to his disadvantage in church last Sunday. Imagine, by the by, what a sad thing, as trifling as these, which are made the theme of so much whispering among young ladies.

One of the great uses of reading is, that it familiarizes you with interesting and safe topics of conversation with your young friends. To live with books is to inhabit a region far above the rain and turmoil and petty vexations which annoy those who live in the middle of some who pretend to cultivation; and you possess the greatest advantages of education to better account, than by inducing your young friends to read with you, and to exchange the freshest gems of the day for one ton: for when the voice of her lover drew back the veil from her own heart, and let her, for the first time see all the deep feelings, the full confidence, the trusting love that was in that heart toward him: when she beheld her fate for the future linked to his, and the long, bright years of futurity rising one behind the other, gilded by the mingled sunshine of love, and hope, and happiness, she felt breathless, as one does when, on climbing a high hill, some beautiful prospect suddenly burst upon us, overpowering in its grandeur and its loveliness.

Prairie Sketches.

A SUNDAY IN SAN MIGUEL.—It was past midnight, and a drizzly rain was falling when we rose from our two hours' slumber in the old church at Pecos, to resume our travel, in hopes of reaching San Miguel before the Spanish traders would leave it in the morning. Though travelling at a swift pace, our Spanish attendant and guide went fast to sleep upon his mule, which in fact was quite as much asleep as he, for in their Spanish saddle and heavy wooden stirrups you can take a doze as securely as in an armed rocking-chair after dinner, with your feet on the fender. A blind mare, however, is a better guide than a sleeping man with a pair of good eyes in his head, and daylight found us in a wrong track, several miles out of our way. Our attendants mule was displayed some regard for her own convenience, but very narrow indeed were regarded the parties in selecting her path, and instead of reaching San Miguel at daylight, the bells, or rather the bell, (for there was but one, and that one sound of that one bell was a shame to exact duty of so crippled and superannuated an old second-hand servant) was ringing for high mass.

Finding that the Spanish caravan did not intend to start until the next day, full time was allowed us to witness the ceremonies performed in the church, and the writer mingled with a heterogeneous crowd that was moving toward the sacred edifice. Doubtless in that old church there were hearts as purely devoted to God as could be found in the embloned pews of our own splendid tabernacles; for virtue is a thing that falleth as it were from high from heaven, and is found in the rudest as the most cultivated spot of earth; and though we are prone to place crime with poverty and ignorance, and virtue with wealth and refinement, yet the polish of refinement is as hideous and glaring as that which flourishes wood-like and rough in the rudest spot of earth. Vice, though pure religion may have existed in that unholy congregation, it was an offensive libel on the worshippers who watched.

There were no seats of any kind in the church, and the worshippers were all alike prostrate on the floor. The naked walls were white-washed, and a few wretched daubs of paintings, actually frightful to look at, were fastened up, some in rude frames, and some in lay rags with no frame at all. Among those was one piece of cotton cassaw, with a little paint still lingering in it, but now thoroughly demolished by time. It was impossible to discover what could have been the subject or design of the artist. It was probably the Virgin and Child, or Madonna or some Saint, long enough ago to have passed through the wars. In a recess at one side of the altar, stood two men, the one with a violin and the other with a guitar, and on those instruments the musicians seemed to be studying what kind of an extravagant and fantastic discord they could make. The same misdirected energy was quite as much like music. These musicians composed not only the church choir but also the ball-room orchestra, and they kept so equally their skill in both, that it was much more importance was awaiting his attention, and he had very little time to waste in performing the functions of the mass. After hearing one of his knees at the altar, he descended the steps, with a long brush like a mosquito flapper in his hand, followed by a tall, attendant who bore a large vessel of water, bearing a large bowl of holy water. He kicked open a door in the wooden railing of the altar, and advanced into the people, who crowded up to him to be sprinkled the congregation, flirting his brush right and left, slinging, rather than sprinkling, in an angry housewife, hurrying about and scolding servants, than a man of God. This operation performed, he returned to the altar to commence to get through the whole ceremony of the mass in about half an hour, and in fifteen minutes of the writer found him a priest officiating in the shop of the only American trader in the town.

So much for the priest of San Miguel; now for the Alcalde, those being the two great powers of that little world. The Alcalde is the executive, combine about fifteen hundred inhabitants. An important looking personage entered, and after exchanging with him a few words, the shop keeper ought forth pen and ink and commenced making out a paper, observing, aside and in English, that the Alcalde was the only person in the town who could write. Two copies of the document